THE FORBIDDEN WATCHERS: A True Life Tale, A Novel of Deception, Prophecy, and the End of Time

Dedication: This book is dedicated to those who seek the truth about their own existence and those trying to understand the unrest in their own spirits around certain humans.

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PROLOGUE—THE DECEPTION

The Devil did not come as an enemy, he came as a deceptive being disguising as a guardian. He spoke of hidden doors in creation, of evil knowledge God had kept out the reach of humanity so they do not destroy their own selves. The devil promised clarity where faith demanded silence, evil power where obedience required blindness and he swore the cost was small whereas it's a huge blow to humankind something that would change them forever and strip them away from the true essence of living. A soul is wasted if it never knows the devil said and humans believed him when in the true sense it's wasted when it knows just basically the opposite of what he said.

One by one, humans surrendered what tethered them to God— their soul; conscience, love, humility, hope and true happiness; they traded divine likeness for forbidden sight. They were

told they would rise above the world and God. Instead, they were removed from the world and God's presence. Their reward was not dominion, but exile.

They were stripped of touch, of choice, of redemption, and bound to watch those who still walked in God's glory. Every prayer they could no longer speak every sin committed was compounded rather than forgiven, every real grace was forever denied only the invisible chains the devil binds them with and their soulless bodies were left of them. They became forbidden watchers and demons.

Some parts of the world have drifted close to this deception the devil orchestrates, the Watchers do not understand the final truth the Devil never shared: Observation is not power, It's punishment.

CHAPTER ONE — THE FIRST VANISHING

They said the world would end with thunder. But it didn't start that way. It began with whispers, whispers in the dark, spoken by people who believed they had found a hidden wisdom. They called themselves watchers, though none of them understood what the word meant. They told each other they were awakening, ascending, becoming "more than human." They told each other God had grown weak, they told each other the forbidden knowledge gave them sight but they lied to themselves, and worse — they believed their own lie.

Timothy watched his best friend, John, begin to change first. John used to be warm, brilliant, loud with laughter, friendly and kind but after the night he whispered the forbidden name and knowledge at 3:33 a.m as all watchers do and something inside him dimmed. Not instantly, quietly like the slow fading of a candle wick. John still walked, talked, breathed but his eyes and spirits no longer glowed with a soul, something was missing — something holy. When Timothy tried to ask him what he had done, John only smiled in that cold, weightless way watchers do. "Don't worry," he told him. "It's just…Awakening." But two weeks later, he stood in the middle of the street at dawn, staring at nothing, whispering words Timothy couldn't understand — a language too old to belong to man. And as the sun climbed, John body flickered, as if light itself refused to shine on him. He was dejected just like Adam and Eve in the Bible were after they ate off the forbidden tree. By noon, John was gone again, No scream, No struggle, No trace simply gone and everyone except Timothy forgot he ever existed. His desk at school was cleared, his room at home was empty, his mother's eyes didn't recognize his name. It was like John soul had been erased from the world. But he could still be seen by God, he was in darkness. That night, Timothy knelt on the floor of his bedroom, trembling. He wasn't someone who prayed often, but something inside Timothy broke open. "God," Timothy whispered, "what did they do? What took him?" And the moment He said it, thunder and lightning cracked across

a clear sky. Not loud thunder. Not storm thunder. A Judgment thunder. The kind that shakes bone and blood, echoing through the soul.

Timothy felt something heavy settle in the air and saw a star flicker in the heavens/sky— a presence vast, ancient, righteous. Instinctively he knew: God was not silent. God was watching. God had always been watching and He was warning him. Because the watchers weren't enlightened, they weren't chosen, they weren't powerful like they thought, they were deceived by the devil and the agents of the antichrist. They were the first fruits of the prophecy Jesus gave in Matthew 24:24 — false prophets rising, performing signs, deceiving many, even the elect. And with every whisper at 3:33 a.m., every stolen soul, every hollowed human, the countdown in the spirit and heavenly realm began to fall grain by grain, like sand in a divine hourglass. Timothy stood, heart pounding and praying to God to have mercy on him for he knows what the so called watchers are doing is wrong. He didn't know it yet, but John disappearance wasn't the first one. The watchers were multiplying everywhere — quietly and fearlessly, stupidly believing they could overthrow Heaven in their own foolishness and delusion.

While all of this takes place, below the foundation of the world something enormous was stirring a beast God had made to defeat darkness in the beginning when there was no creation. This beast is older than mankind and sealed by God Himself until the end of time. Leviathan the beast has been awakened by sin and now hungry for the remnants of the watchers while waiting for the trumpet to sound. Timothy didn't know the full truth yet but as time goes by he would and what he learned would terrify him more than John's disappearance.

Humans weren't becoming gods. They were becoming demons and Judgment Day had finally begun.

CHAPTER TWO — THE SHADOW OF JOHN

Timothy couldn't sleep. Not after what had happened. The silence of his room felt so heavy, pressing against his chest like a stone and in that silence, he could almost hear John or what he had become through whispers, John would whisper from a distant and Timothy would hear him strangely. Something so unnatural and unfamiliar to the human world. He knew something wasn't right because what he realized that night was not John.

Somewhere beyond the veil of the human world, where the watchers' stolen souls drifted, John had entered a place no living thing was meant to tread. The darkness there was thick, alive, crawling like oil across the bones of reality itself and waiting for him was something older than man, older than sin a figure cloaked in shadow, eyes burning with the hunger of a thousand lost souls. This thing spoke without words, and yet John understood perfectly:

"You have given yourself to the knowledge. Now you are mine."

The air twisted around him. His body no longer belonged to him. Skin darkened to a midnight sheen, twisted sinews pulsing beneath the surface. His arms elongated, ending in claws that scraped the very fabric of existence. Horns, like burned shards of bone, crowned his skull and where his eyes once glimmered with laughter and warmth, now glowed twin pits of fire, hungry, unrepentant and prideful. He tried to scream. The sound that came out was a chittering growl, alien and bestial. And as he fell to all fours, the transformation completed, John the boy known as a good guy was gone. In his place was a creature of prophecy and darkness: part man, part shadowed beast, part sin made flesh. He moved with a grace that mocked his former humanity and with every step the other watchers trembled in his name. Yet somewhere deep inside, buried beneath the fire and horns and claws, a flicker of the boy he had been remained — faint, but not entirely extinguished. In the mortal world, Timothy awoke with a scream that cut through the night. He didn't yet know the truth, but he could feel it: the darkness was rising. John was no longer just lost, he had become a herald of something far worse. And the other Watchers, those fools who thought themselves enlightened — would soon learn that the path to power often leads straight into the jaws of the devourer.

CHAPTER THREE— THE FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE MASS DESTRUCTION.

On this day, while Timothy was home alone, he heard a knock on his door. He went to check and found John, his friend. Timothy is still untrusting of John after what he had witnessed in the past days but he opened the door anyway welcoming John to the old sofa in his parents house. John sat watching the game Timothy was watching. Timothy stood up after a few minutes to get water for John back in the kitchen. Just as soon as he stood and disappeared to the kitchen, John watched him leave and then immediately stood up and went straight to the Television he was eager to test the newly forbidden knowledge he had learned from this dark hollow world. He went to the Television placed his hands on it and whispered the forbidden knowledge immediately the television went blank and was no longer working. He had destroyed the Television without knowing. John got confused and ran back to seat hoping Timothy wouldn't notice what had just happened.

While John sits, Timothy entered he looked up and saw that the Television no longer works he was surprised. He asked John what had happened. John denied and said he didn't know what had happened the television just went blank on him too, he lied. Timothy went to check what could be wrong. He tried fixing it but couldn't fix it. He was scared his father was going to be mad at him when he returns. John watches Timothy struggle with fixing the Television without letting him know he was the one who had done that. While all of this took place, God was watching.

CHAPTER FOUR: THE DIVINE TEST

Timothy didn't sleep that night or maybe he did but his spirit grew restless and the dreams were no dreams — they were visions, piercing flashes of reality he was only beginning to understand.

A voice whispered his name. Not human, not demonic, but holy. "Timothy Ferguson," it said. "You are being tested." He woke up a warmth spread through his chest, reminding him that God was present, even when the world seemed swallowed by shadow. Somewhere far away, John crouched in the ruins of what had once been a playground. He was no longer human — horns crowned his head, claws tore at the concrete, fire burned in his eyes — but deep inside, buried beneath the devouring darkness, a flicker of the boy remained. And that flicker was screaming. "You do not understand," a voice hissed in his mind. "You were given power. You were made strong. Use it. Conquer. Serve me" but John felt a pang of something foreign: conscience, memory, love. He remembered Timothy, remembered laughter and the good times they had.

All the Watchers, all the stolen souls, all the whispered names at 3:33 a.m., were part of the trial. Every deception, every power, every hollowing — it was a measure of the heart. Satan was cunning. He twisted beauty into beast, he promised knowledge, power, freedom — and yet he could not create a single thing. He only repurposed what God had made, warped it, and sent it back to humanity to tempt, corrupt, and destroy and John? John was his masterpiece, the most beautiful and terrible proof that humans fall so easily. But God was still watching.

In the mortal world, Timothy finally understood what he had been seeing: the missing souls, the whispers, the empty places in memory. This wasn't chaos, It wasn't random, It was judgment and revelation, interwoven. "John is being tested," he whispered to his self, clutching a pendant. "And… so am I." He looked out over the city, realizing the scale of the battle ahead. Every Watcher he fought, every soul he tried to save, every prayer he uttered — it mattered. It all mattered and the first confrontation with John was inevitable. He had been sent forward by Satan to tempt, to destroy, to test the faithful. But now Timothy knew: the only way to save him wasn't just to fight the darkness outside — it was to reach the light still flickering inside him. The divine chess game was clear. God allowed the test. Humanity had a choice even though the devil seems to be winning through deception.

CHAPTER FIVE: THE TRUTH BEHIND THE WATCHERS — THE TEST OF GOD

Yes, Timothy and John were caught inside something FAR bigger than demons, watchers, or secret rituals. What's happening is part of a divine test, the same pattern seen all throughout Scripture:

- Adam tested in Eden.

- Abraham tested with Isaac.
- Job tested in suffering.
- Israel tested in the wilderness.
- Jesus tested in the desert face-to-face with Satan.

Every chosen one is tested. Every generation is tested and now this world is facing its own test. The Watchers power is actually a trap. The Watchers think they're awakened, think they're enlightened, think they've bypassed God. But in truth? They've walked straight into the oldest trick Satan ever used: make people believe rebellion is wisdom. It's the SAME deception used in Eden: "You will be like gods." And just like before…Satan doesn't create any power, he twists it, he corrupts it and disfigures it. So when a human whispers the forbidden name at 3:33 a.m., they're not ascending, they're being reduced, degraded and dehumanized.

John's transformation wasn't evolution — it was decomposition of the soul, reshaped into a weapon for the kingdom of darkness even the Watchers themselves don't know the truth: They're not gaining sight, they're losing their humanity piece by piece. Satan is playing them like pawns and as it's said, the devil is a chess master — but still only a CREATED being, operating within boundaries GOD set.

What Satan is really doing is the real cosmic drama unfolding: Satan is taunting God, just like in the book of Job: "Look at Your people, give them a little temptation, a little power, a little forbidden knowledge and watch them all fall from your own glory." Satan is sending out the Watchers first because he knows what's coming, he knows prophecy, he knows the lake of fire is waiting, he knows his time is short. So he pushes humans to the front lines to die first. He is using them as shields, distractions, sacrifices — anything to delay his final destruction. This is why John was transformed, this is why the Watchers vanish, this is why their souls get hollowed and thiis why they forget themselves. Every one of them is being primed to be the first casualties in a war Satan already lost.

What God is really doing? God is allowing this test, the same way He allowed Job to be tested — NOT to destroy His faithful, but to see who's really wanting to live eternally with his own people through revealing of their own hearts because only in the fire do the true ones shine and here's the twist — the part Timothy will eventually discover: God is watching him. He's being shaped, refined, pushed into a battle he didn't choose so he can become who he is meant to be. And John? Even transformed, twisted, nearly devoured? There is STILL something in him. Because God did not abandon him — John abandoned himself.

CHAPTER SIX — THE REVELATION IN THE RUINS

The night had never felt so heavy. Clouds hung low over the city, pressed down like a great invisible hand. The air crackled with tension — the kind that happens before lightning strikes,

before a world changes, before destiny unfolds. Timothy wandered through the abandoned courtyard where John once played basketball after school. A wind tore through the courtyard, not cold, not warm — something holy. Timothy staggered back as a brilliant light erupted before him, brighter than the sun yet gentle enough not to blind. A figure stepped out of the radiance, not winged, not human, not quite describable. It felt like standing in the presence of a storm and a sunrise at once. “Timothy Ferguson,” the figure said, its voice layered like a thousand whispers speaking in unison. “You seek answers. Receive them.” Timothy fell to his knees, trembling. “Please… tell me how to save John. Tell me how to stop the Watchers.” The figure’s light dimmed just enough that he could see the shadow. “This is not only about John,” it said. “This is a TEST.” Timothy’s breath caught. A test for humanity, the figure said. The words struck like a bell across eternity. The light shifted, and suddenly visions flooded his mind — not memories, not hallucinations, but glimpses of a spiritual reality woven beneath the world: He saw a serpent whispering to Eve. He saw Israel turning from God to idols. He saw Job crushed yet faithful. He saw Jesus in the wilderness, tempted three times by the same liar who now controlled the Watchers. He saw generation after generation choosing darkness over light without seeking wisdom and truth. Then he saw now, humanity chasing “knowledge” that hollowed the soul, people worshipping their own reflection, gaining forbidden power without wisdom, pleasure without purpose, truth twisted into chaos. The Watchers — proud, blind, thinking they had ascended while actually falling into the oldest pit prepared for deceived hearts.

The figure spoke again, its voice now resonating like thunder wrapped in mercy: “Humanity is repeating its oldest mistake and the deceiver rejoices.” Timothy’s heart pounded. “So this… all this… the disappearances, the transformation and John? He swallowed, voice shaking. “This is all allowed by God?” “Yes,” the figure said. As every prophet, every human, every soul has been tested before this generation came. The Creator does not force loyalty. He reveals hearts.” Timothy felt tears spill down his cheeks. And the watchers?” he whispered, are they all doomed? The figure light shifted — not cold, not condemning, but mournful. “They were not forced into darkness, they chose forbidden knowledge over wisdom, they sought power without purpose and traded their own lights for illusion.” After a moment, the vision changed — he saw the devil laughing, watching his pawns fall one by one while he stayed in the shadows, untouched, waiting to consume what was left of them. “But he cannot create,” the figure continued. “Only corrupts, distorts and deceives. The devil’s time is short, he whispered. Timothy clenched his fist, “Then what am I supposed to do with this vision you just showed me? The figure stepped closer — the ground around it turning radiant. “You must warn them. Not the Watchers — they have surrendered. Warn those who can still hear, warn the sleepers, warn the proud, warn the blind. “Before they fall like John.” Speaking of John, he asked, “Can he still be saved?” The figure paused — not in uncertainty, but in gravity. “One spark remains in him. A whisper of who he was. It’s very faint… but not gone.” It shall take a lot of spiritual war and effort to save him, a war so tough that could last for years. Timothy felt fire rise in his chest. “What must I do?” The figure then stretched out its hand. Light dripped from it like molten gold. A shape formed — a scroll, sealed with a blazing mark. “This contains the truth,” it said. “Not the history of the Watchers… but the warning humanity must hear.” Timothy reached for it, and the moment his fingers touched the scroll—The light vanished, the figure disappeared and the courtyard fell silent. Timothy stood alone under the heavy sky, the divine scroll glowing in his

hands. He knew what he had to do now. Warn the world and awaken the sleeping by exposing the devil's deception while taking his place in the war he had never asked for — but was born to face.

CHAPTER SEVEN — THE OPENING OF THE SCROLL

The scroll pulsed in Timothy's hands, alive with a quiet warmth that seemed to echo the beat of his own heart. The parchment was ancient, impossibly old, yet smooth as if it had never been touched. Symbols shimmered across its surface not letters he recognized, but shapes that seemed to speak directly to his mind. He unrolled it slowly, and as he did, a whisper filled his ears soft, insistent, like the voice of every soul that had ever wandered in darkness. "Heed this warning son. Remember this truth. Before the darkness devours your world and brings it to an end.

The scroll revealed visions not just words, images that burned themselves into his consciousness: A Watcher whispering the forbidden name at 3:33 a.m, eyes hollow, soul disappearing and a crowd following the deceiver blindly to darkness, seeking knowledge, power, and glory while their hearts withered. The devil, prowling in the shadows, smiling at every misguided soul, but bound by God's limits — able only to corrupt and never create, he made humans forget the vanished, streets empty of memory, families shattered by absence. Through it all, the scroll spoke clearly to Timothy's mind: "This is the test. The first of many, the deceiver is cunning. He offers illusions in the form of power, forbidden knowledge and rebellious freedom. Those who chased him are lost before they realize it. Only those who remain vigilant, humble, and obedient to truth can resist. Those who love the Light must awaken the sleeping. The fallen must be a warning so that others do not follow their path as time is short. The heart is tested. The soul chooses.

Timothy felt a cold weight settle on his shoulders. This was no ordinary warning, this was the manual for survival, a real purpose of living on earth and a call to action. The scroll seemed to pulse with urgency: Wake humanity before it's too late, reach out to the lost before the Watchers consume more souls. Fight the devil's influence in every way you can. He understood this was his mission. To save every soul that could still choose the Light. Then the scroll revealed the most haunting truth: "John's spark remains. But it is fragile. The closer he succumbs to the darkness, the harder it will be to save him. The deceiver/devil will use him as both weapon and warning by making him scared of his own shadows and taunting him for the rest of his life for he willingly gave himself to the evil spirits and forbidden knowledge. But even with this, the Light waits even in the shadows. John only needs to give his heart fully to God and the light and turn on his evil ways and doings for redemption is still possible. Timothy's heart clenched, John was more than a friend. I wish he didn't choose darkness over the love and light of God he whispered to the night. I will not let more people fall into this hollow illusion he whispered again, I will not let them all fall. I will awaken the sleepers, fight the darkness, and protect what can still be saved." The scroll glowed once more, and a final message seared itself into his mind: "The

battle is spiritual before it is physical. The war is in the soul before it is in the streets. Teach. Warn. Fight. The test has begun — and only the faithful will endure."

Outside, the wind rose. The city was quiet, He clutched the scroll and turned toward the rising dawn. Humanity had to be warned. The Watchers had to be stopped. The deceiver had to be resisted. Time is running out and in the middle of it all, one boy carried the spark of hope that could save humanity.

CHAPTER SEVEN — JOHN'S NIGHT OF CHAINS

As the world around John slept, he did not at least not in any human sense of sleep. When his head touched the pillow, darkness tore open beneath him, swallowing his senses. The air grew thick, heavy, and metallic like walking underwater in a storm. Shadows twisted and reached for him, whispering his own name, calling him master, through flatters. The Shadow Realm had claimed him, in this place, time did not flow. John's thoughts were no longer fully his own. The devil's whispers wrapped around his mind like chains "You are powerful now and beyond humanity." "Obey, and nothing can touch you." "Defy me, and you will vanish forever." John tried to fight it, tried to remember warmth, tried to remember laughter and to remember Timothy, his best friend he's slowly losing. But every memory was poisoned, every thought was mirrored back twisted, hollowed, sharpened into fear or pride.

The boy who once ran, joked, and laughed was buried beneath layers of claws, horns, fire, and shadow. And yet, somewhere inside him, a spark remained a tiny flicker of light that the darkness could not fully extinguish, a whisper of Timothy's name, a memory of sunlight on their schoolyard and a pulse of hope that refused to die. He cried out — not to the world, not to God, not even to the devil — but to himself. And the devil laughed. A low, gut-deep chuckle that echoed through the Shadow Realm, shaking John's bones. "Even your screams are mine now," the darkness hissed. "Even your soul is mine to shape." John's body jerked in the bed above the Shadow Realm. He felt both trapped and untouchable, both inside and outside his own body. He clawed at the air, but the chains were invisible. The shadows whispered, feeding on his fear, rewriting his thoughts and hollowing his will and somewhere, far above him in the mortal world, Timothy knelt with the scroll clutched in his hands. He didn't need to see him. He didn't need to hear him. He felt him — his terror, his torment, the flicker of the boy still buried inside the demon. John, he whispered, voice breaking, "I will not let you go. I will not let them win. You are not lost. You are not forgotten. You are not alone." I've been marked by the divine and by God. A pulse of warmth leapt across the distance, brushing against John's soul. For a heartbeat — just a heartbeat — the chains slackened. John screamed, not in fear, but in recognition. The whisper of Timothy's faith, his courage, had cut through the darkness. He remembered something he had thought impossible: he could choose between this darkness and light.

The Shadow Realm recoiled, hissing, twisting, trying to pull him back into obedience. But John's spark flared. He was not yet free, not yet whole, but for the first time in weeks, he remembered: he had a soul. Somewhere deep inside the chains, John found his first thread of

defiance and somewhere in the mortal world, Timothy realized: This wasn't just a fight for Jonah's body. It was a war for his soul, a war he can't win on his own even if he tries. He can only war for the Light in the world sinking deeper into deception.

CONCLUSION — A WARNING

The Watchers remain and are amongst us, they're not angels, they're not myths. They are the proof of what happens when humanity trades its soul for knowledge beyond their own capabilities.

The Devil still whispers, he still seeks for who to devour and destroy for he knows his time on earth is limited but the doors to the real truth and knowledge are open and here's one in form of a book, open for anyone to grasp, step through and heed like Timothy did and make it out the world to live again eternally with God almighty and his righteous ones including the angels and the Lord Jesus Christ.

Do not be fooled by the devil, The price is always the same destruction and death just to suffer on the other side. This forbidden knowledge will not make you rise—you will fall, fall short of everything that makes you human, grace, love and conscience. You shall be bound by his invisible chains that shall become real chains when you're dead and incapable of turning back.

Remember this: Knowledge without wisdom is a trap, pride without humility is a prison, choose carefully and stay humble before the LORD GOD ALMIGHTY because he's watching everything, everything that takes place in this world follow and obey his words and commandments, do everything or anything you like here on earth but discern from knowing and doing good and evil.

About the Author:

Ademola Peter, a spiritual thinker and truth seeker from Lagos, Nigeria. Inspired by real experiences and divine revelations, Peter writes about the future battles to emerge between good and evil. Through this book, he encourages readers to open their eyes to spiritual truths, strengthen their faith, and walk in God's light in a world filled with darkness, deception and evil atrocities for the gains of forbidden knowledge and other forms of evil doings.

NB: Timothy in this book represents Peter while John represents his friend who he lost to the devil and Antichrist. He wrote this book to wake humanity up of what's currently going on in today's world.